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with given there is no occasion to dwell upon the rare charm of the painter's conception. It need only be remarked that the horses, in repeating and emphasizing the undulating movements of the sea, symbolize the action of the tides governed by the impalpable force of the moon as impersonated by the goddess—harness, reins, and bowstring all actual though invisible. The opalescent coloring, the tender, vaporous development of the work, are peculiarly suitable to the theme. Mr. Elliott is one of the painters whose tech-

nique manifests itself in self-concealment. Nevertheless, he fully appreciates brush-work, bravura, and all that sort of thing in full value. This is evident in the fact that he was a favorite pupil and is a devoted admirer of the great Spaniard, Villegas. Only it is not his way. Mr. Elliott's first decorative painting was the frieze and ceiling for Mrs. Potter Palmer's dining-room in Chicago, and he painted the important ceiling decoration, "The Triumph of Time," for the Boston Public Library.

## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

### EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

IT is curious from what different viewpoints an exhibition may be regarded. The same collection of current work that will cause certain critics to shake their heads and declare that art is going to the dogs will induce others to proclaim that never before has the outlook been brighter. Are the pessimists right or the optimists? Probably neither. The gift of prophesy is given to but few and it is infinitely difficult to read the writing on the wall when one is in the throng. Progress, furthermore, is not always made in leaps and bounds. The great achievement comes out of myriad failures.

There has been wider divergence of opinion concerning the National Academy of Design's eighty-fifth annual exhibition than usual. And yet upon scrutiny, as well as upon first glance, it seems to be a pretty fair show. It includes some very poor pictures, it is true, it shows some of the Academicians to have lost their grip, and, what is perhaps more alarming, some of the younger men to have taken several steps backward, either through heedlessness bred of self-confidence or dimunition of power, but it numbers on its lists many excellent paintings—fresh, vigorous, significant—not a few of which are by artists

who are just arriving. On the whole, therefore, a very good average is struck and, though no excuse is given for bragadocio, there is no reason for despair.

It is, of course, unfortunate that there were more pictures found acceptable than could be hung, that some had to be sent back to the artists and that others, most unhappily, were, of necessity, set forth in the room near the entrance, which is poorly lighted and ill-devised for exhibition purposes. This state of affairs, moreover, is, to an extent, due not so much to the overplus of meritorious works as to the article in the constitution of the National Academy of Design permitting Academicians rights of exhibition and exemption from jury. Naturally a lowered standard results, as well as an overcrowded list. And yet the privilege is not utterly without justice. Here is an organization of artists banded together for the purpose of exhibiting their works primarily for their own benefit, not merely for the object of sale but for mutual profit—comparison, criticism. If it were a museum or an association of laymen setting forth the exhibition it would be an entirely different matter, for then the educational aspect would properly be first



THE BUCCANEERS

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

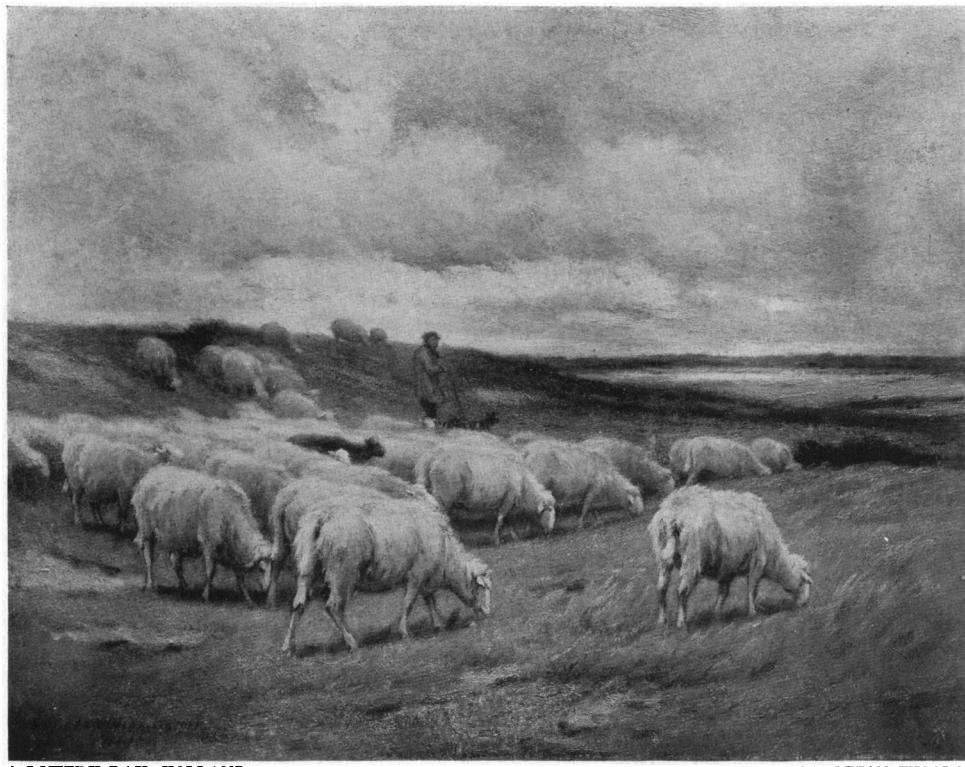
considered. The public doubtless have some rights, but so have the artists.

The prizes this year were, apparently, especially well bestowed and the pictures winning awards would alone have made an interesting group. The Thomas B. Clarke prize was awarded to a painting by Frederick J. Waugh entitled "The Buccaneers," which was given the place of honor in the Vanderbilt gallery. Illustrative rather than interpretative this picture was painted with a gravity which dignified and with a skill betokening more than cleverness. In such manner might Winslow Homer have handled such a theme in the days when color and form and drama meant more to him than sentiment or decorative design. To a landscape, subtle and poetic, "In the Shadow of the Hills," by J. Francis Murphy, went the Inness medal; and to a figure painting by Douglas Volk, entitled "The Little Sister," was awarded the Saltus Medal—while for a beautifully rendered "Interior" Susan Watkins won the Julia A. Shaw prize. The Hallgarten prizes were awarded, respectively, to Gifford

Beal for a winter landscape, "The Palisades"; to Louis David Vaillant for a decorative figure composition, "Woodland Play"; and to Charles Rosen for a fresh, colorful landscape, "Summer Breeze." Of course it must be remembered that many of the exhibitors were *hors concours*; but certainly credit may be given the jury not only for discrimination but catholicity of taste, the paintings honored reflecting widely divergent tendencies.

It must be admitted that the portraits and figure paintings in this exhibition were, for the most part, distinctly disappointing; but for this the many excellent "one-man shows" held in the several dealers' galleries this winter are, to an extent, accountable, as well as, in part, the excuse. For instance, paintings recently exhibited in New York by Cecilia Beaux, Irving R. Wiles, and Wilhelm Funk would have lent accent as well as distinction to this exhibition could they have been included.

The landscapes, however, were compensating. In the first gallery one recalls with genuine pleasure Charles H.



A LOWERY DAY. HOLLAND

CARLETON WIGGINS

Woodbury's "Mantle of Snow," Bruce Crane's "Frosted Fields," Eliot Clark's "Morning" and "Approaching Storm," and Chauncey F. Ryder's "The Hamburg Road." In gallery II R. M. Shurtleff's "Rocks and Rills," Arthur Parton's "Rain and Sunshine," Frederick Ballard Williams's "The Ramapo Hills," Charles Warren Eaton's "The Forest," and F. De Haven's "Autumn, Maranacook, Maine." J. Francis Murphy's prize picture was in the Vanderbilt gallery and with it one took note of Childe Hassam's "Diamond Cove," Gardner Symons's "Winter Sun," Andrew T. Schwartz's "Spring Blossoms," Bertha M. Dressler's "Moonlight," George Bellew's "Floating Ice," and Cullen Yates's "Glimpse of Old Ocean," as vigorous, individual, and convincing. Surely not a bad showing numerically or from standpoint of merit!

And besides these, making definite impression, were Emil Carlsen's charming

marine, "Moonlight on Kattegat," lent by George A. Hearn, Esq.; John W. Alexander's "Tenth Muse," a half whimsical painting of the artist himself, standing before a canvas, from behind which peeps the "mannikin," winged, glorified, and spiritualized for the nonce, the inspirer of the artist's dream—a picture painted with all Mr. Alexander's lightness of touch and pervading personality. At the west end of the Vanderbilt gallery hung a large canvas by George Inness, Jr., of horses crossing a ford, entitled "Up from the River," well drawn and pleasing in color if perhaps a little overlarge for its strength. "A Lowery Day, Holland," a sheep picture by Carleton Wiggins, possessing much pictorial charm, was also in this gallery, as was an excellent canvas, "The Shore," by Henry R. Poore.

Sargent is a name to conjure with, yet attractive as was the little genre "Vene-

tian Water Carriers," lent by Mr. Frederick Crane, it seemed all inadequately to represent this masterful painter. From it one turned with something more than complacence to J. Alden Weir's figure painting, "The Pet Bird," lovely in color, subtle in related values—not a little reminiscent of the "Young Woman" in the Evans National Gallery collection, but less obviously a portrait study. Beyond the Weir to the right hung Robert MacCameron's picture entitled "The Daughter's Return"—the familiar group of depraved Parisians seated in the dim light of a small café—and yet farther on Harriet Blackstone's capital portrait study, "Soldier of the Crimea." It is a little hard to tell just what Mr. MacCameron is getting at—whether he sees elemental or dormant beauty in the debauched human beings he paints, or has in mind a moral. In either case, however, he paints, from the technical standpoint, well.

Following the usual custom, crape and a wreath, betokening death and mourn-

ing, were placed beneath a painting by Worthington Whittredge, lately deceased—a picture, "The Breezy Day," lent by the Lotos Club, of such permanent value that it contradicted the badge of mortality. Works of art are not ephemeral, and if a painter in his lifetime worthily achieves distinction he cannot die.

There was some talk of giving an entire gallery to sculpture this year, but the plan seemed not to prove altogether feasible and as a result only about thirty small works were shown. One of these was by Mrs. Whitney, a man and a woman, "Paganism Immortal," weird in conception and not altogether felicitous in composition and yet emotional and impressive. Sculpture almost always needs a setting, and for this reason rarely gets its due when shown, as in this present instance, scattered in galleries wherein paintings are on view. For this purpose, if no other, more adequate exhibition facilities are obviously needed in New York.

L. M.



UP FROM THE RIVER

GEORGE INNESS, JR.